

IT MIGHT BE WISE TO ANNEX CHIHUAHUITA AS PART OF OUR CITY BUILDING PLAN

(BY H. D. S.)

IT IS FAR more important that El Paso "bring in" Chihuahuita where tens of thousands live, and make it really a part of the city in all ways, than that new population be sought. It is rather foolish for El Paso to go on working so hard to bring in new people, when we have hardly begun to make use of those we have, or provision for their comfort.

To develop Chihuahuita as it should be and might be developed, would be equivalent to adding 10,000 or 15,000 new people to El Paso's useful and productive population. These people are here: the sensible thing to do is to make proper use of this tremendously valuable asset, and not any longer neglect it as we have in the past.

If we apply good sense, it will not be many years before "Chihuahuita" will become a term of praise instead of reproach, and the "Mexican settlement" will have vanished forever, in favor of a clean, happy, healthy, industrious portion of our progressive American community. We can increase the earning power of these people by \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000 a year if we will.

Friday at the playground demonstration at the Aoy school, where some 1200 children of Spanish speaking parents attend, there were a dozen or two visitors from "north of the tracks." The remainder of the spectators were people of Chihuahuita. It was noteworthy that there seemed to be almost as many boys and girls out of school, looking on as spectators, as in school. As a matter of fact, for every Chihuahuita boy or girl in school there are two more of school age who are not in school.

The small attendance from "north of the tracks" was nothing unusual; it is not less regrettable because usual. Very few persons in El Paso outside of the teachers in the Mexican schools and the school authorities know anything about what is being done for those people down there, or what is necessary to be done. At

the Friday gathering, the teachers had patiently arranged exhibits of school work in the different rooms, but there were few to look at them.

The work of these children, who enter the school speaking not one word of English, and have to learn the language while they learn the rest of the things, is nothing short of marvelous. The school work is all carried on in English from the beginning, and it may be imagined what troubles the little American children would have if all their school work and intercourse with the teachers had to be carried on in Spanish.

Much of the written composition work of the children in the fourth and fifth grades in the Aoy school, in English, would compare excellently with the work in the same grades of any school in the city. The writing is extraordinarily good. Whole rooms average 95 to 99 percent perfect on spelling for weeks at a time.

One detail that is specially attractive is the free-hand color drawing in the art classes. Take a dozen children, give them a peach blossom spray to picture in color, and see what they will do with it. These little children, ranging in age from 10 to 15, make exceedingly clever works of art with their free-hand color drawing, and seem to be singularly free from stiffness, artificiality, and the dull impulse to copy rather than to interpret.

Many of the little girls among the hundreds who took part in the demonstration, made their own pretty white frocks—made them as part of their school work. They were not commonplace and not all fashioned after one pattern. They showed originality and some idea of simple beauty. They were festive with lace and ribbon, but on the whole simple and appropriate. Some of the children make most of their school and holiday clothes, and underclothing, and trim their own hats.

One teacher who had come to El Paso from a distance admitted that she came with a prejudice against the Mexicans, but it had all vanished. She finds them receptive, responsive, enthusiastic, waiting to do the right thing, and ambitious. Another, long

in service in the Mexican schools, refuses to be transferred to American schools because she loves the work among the Spanish speaking children. Few indeed are the people in this city who have even a glimpse of the vision these teachers have, of the possibilities down there.

The Herald might go on indefinitely about Chihuahuita's need and the opportunity. It is a topic that The Herald regards as paramount to all others in this community. The thing that impresses us most whenever we consider the situation down there in detail, is the fearful, continual waste of good material and waste of tremendous human forces that we ought to be directing and utilizing.

What to do? First, let El Paso make up its mind to invest not less than \$250,000 down there in the next two years in school and social center facilities. At least two or better three blocks of ground should be had about where the old Aoy school stands. Here should be erected a suitable group of buildings, architecturally in keeping and adapted to a variety of purposes.

There should be plenty of school rooms, an auditorium, shops, industrial training rooms, gymnasiums, rooms for a clinic, rooms for physical examination, complete and adequate playgrounds, baths, swimming pools, library and reading room, and all the other appurtenances of a modern social center combined with a school. There should be provision for mothers' meetings and for care of infants, and for the sports and recreation of grown youths and adult men and women, as well as the ordinary school facilities.

The effort should be to centralize here all the social work among the population of Chihuahuita, and all the school work, except that some of the lowest grades could still be conducted in other localities.

It is a big problem—the biggest before us—and there is no sense in going at it in a half considered way. No one cent should be invested down there except in conformity with some such general, comprehensive, and permanent plan.

"Amusements At Your Own Risk"

An amusement pier at Atlantic City wherein are Panama slides, turkey trot sidewalks, houses of terror, mirrors that alternately dwarf and giantize a person, and all manner of unstable sidewalks, uncertain hammocks, whirling bowls, and writhing aeroplanes, has every few inches along the ways signs to say, "All amusements here are at your own risk." Other cards rather abjectly apologize, saying that while the amusements have been made as safe as Panama slides and writhing aeroplanes, and such confusing, amusing contraptions can be, and are safe if people take them the ordinary way and go along as they ordinarily might be expected to go, yet you can never count on human beings. You never know when a human mind may revolve to one of its fool centers and the human decide to take the slide or broken jumping stair case in some different from the ordinary way, with a broken body, perhaps a broken neck, as a result—and the amusement pier does not want to pay damages to any one who has the type of mind that rocks the boat. Hence it warns folks that the amusements are at their own risk.

At the same time the warning has a strangely appropriate sound outside in these days of speeding up, when no day is long enough for the things crammed into it, and automobiles and human bodies and minds and souls are speeded to the breaking point. The world is taking its amusement at its own risk these days. And as a general thing the risk looks bigger than the fun concealed in the amusement.

Europe has its Zeppelin scares, but the little black housefly brings more certain death to more people than the swiftest of cruises; war airplanes that ever cut the clouds and hung over cities and villages.

"Judge" says that the dove of peace is a blue bird.

A Theme For Victor Hugo

Victor Hugo's daughter Adele died the other day in France, ending one of the sad stories of our day. When she was but a young girl she was kidnapped by an English officer. Victor Hugo sought her all over Europe, but could not find her. Some months afterward she was found wandering in the streets of New York, and all that she could or would say was, "I am the daughter of Victor Hugo." So far as is known to the world, she never told what tragic thing had come to her, never recovered her complete sanity, never made friends or received visitors, and when her parents died she lived alone. She lived all the long weary silent years until death at 85 released her, always contemplating her dark and bitter thoughts, thoughts of a young girl's life suddenly and forever turned black.

Japan comes up smiling and bland every time and reiterates that she has no quarrel with America, none with the world, least of all with China, and doesn't want Chinese territory. All Japan wants and insists on is the benefit of her tremendous advantage in China, geographically, sympathetically, racially. Japan is already first in influence in the vast territories of the old yellow empire. Off and on through ages back, the two countries have been one; and for ages and ages the two countries have exchanged literature, art, and ideals. Japan regards herself as China's natural little mother and does not want other nations crowding too close.

A Kenosha, Wisconsin, church has decided to use two full page advertisements a week in the daily paper for some months. The project is backed by the business men of the congregation and the advertisements are to be simple and unassuming, but intended to convey the church's belief that it will pay men to seek salvation.

Condition Of Anthony Road Is A Disgrace: Can Only Be Navigated Now With Aeroplane

ROADS from El Paso to Anthony, on the state line, are a disgrace to El Paso county, said Joseph P. Williams. "There is little use of trying to repair the road for it seems to have been built wrong and has just gone to pieces. Above the smelter the road is something awful and it is a shame to let New Mexico beat us on roads after all of our bragging about our fine paved roads. Now Mexico seems to have the right idea in building a macadam for the macadam roads were better, and are better adapted to this country. It seems the old macadam roads this county built, where a lot of big boulders were thrown down in the mud, are not the thing but a scientific laying of crushed stone of varying sizes is what makes a good road. Arizona, around Phoenix and the Salt River country, have some fine roads for they have had them built by expert road builders and the roads are standing up well and are a credit to the state. The Anthony road should be rebuilt at once."

"El Paso gets better every year, it seems to me," said A. H. Smith, of St. Louis. "I make a trip out here about once a year to look after my interests and each visit confirms the opinion I formed many years ago that El Paso is a coming city. Business conditions

here, I venture to say, are as good if not better than in any other city of the same size in the United States."

"Friends of mine from Arizona tell me that there is a scarcity of miners there and the mining and smelting companies are looking for more men. I am employed by the Guaymas smelter in Mexico. The copper business is booming and properties are being worked out there like they have never been worked before. And I am told by reliable persons that this is nothing to the activity which will come later in the year. The companies are straining every resource to get the material out of the ground and put it in marketable shape and Arizona is going to have a great period of prosperity."

"It is ridiculous for Carranza to think that because Oregon won a victory over my chief the American government will now recognize his party," said Gen. Tomas Garcia, commander of the Juarez garrison. "The Villa is neither down nor out, as the next battle will prove."

"The automobile business is a good indicator of business conditions," said A. H. Elmore. "We find that business is standing up well and are a credit to the state. The European war is having practically no effect on business conditions in this part of the country."

unless it is to boost the prices of farm products and when the farmer gets a good price for his products, the city merchants naturally benefit by better business. The European war is helping rather than hurting us."

"The railroad is beginning to get back to normal schedules but they have been greatly handicapped by the recent floods in south Texas," said Geo. W. Barnes, of Houston. "The crest of the floods in the Trinity, Brazos and Colorado rivers passed through south Texas during the first half of the week and did much damage not only to the railroad but to property in the bottom lands along these rivers. The floods, which have been of recent occurrence in late years, constitute a real problem to the state because of the large damage done to farmers in the river bottoms and some day the state will take up the matter with a view to minimizing the losses by the construction of levees."

"We have a good city, a city that is going to make wonderful strides in the future as it has done in the past," declared Walter S. Clayton, former alderman. "You cannot hold El Paso back. Set in the center of a country of vast area that has just begun to develop, there is every reason why the city should grow and none why it should not. You can bet your last dollar on El Paso with every assurance that you will win."

hide behind the hammock on the side porch. She hid on the other side where uncle Wiggly was, and, as he was asleep, he did not see her, nor she him.

Pretty soon it was quite dark. Nurse Jane was just going to creep softly out and ring the doorbell, thinking uncle Wiggly would answer and get his May basket.

But, just as nurse Jane was going to do this, she saw a dark shape going up the porch steps. At first she thought it was uncle Wiggly himself, but then the moon suddenly peeped out from under a cloud and Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, who was waiting, saw the old tail pulling chimpanzee monkey on the bungalow steps.

"I think I'll get that rabbit this time," said the monkey. "I'll ring his bell, and when he comes out I'll pull his tail. Oh, I'll get him this time!" He reached forth his hand to ring the bell, and when he did, he saw the old tail pulling chimpanzee monkey on the bungalow steps.

"Ring, Clatter! Clatter!" went the chimpanzee, and then I'll ring the bell and fool uncle Wiggly."

So Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy also went to

ABE MARTIN



The federal narcotic law has caused a slump in fancy needle work. We admire youth and all its fancies, but strong measures should be taken to discourage their hair cuts now so popular.

tripped over uncle Wiggly's basket of oranges intended for nurse Jane. "Oh, worse and worse!" chattered the chimpanzee. "Oh, double work and back to the woods he ran where he belonged."

"Why—why—what's the matter?" gasped uncle Wiggly, suddenly awakened. "And what are you doing here, nurse Jane?" he asked.

"Guess I come here, just as you did, to hang up a May basket surprise," said the muskrat lady. "But the chimpanzee's tail pulling monkey got the surprise first."

"Never mind," said uncle Wiggly, "as long as he did not get us we are lucky."

Then he and nurse Jane picked up their May baskets and thanked each other. For the baskets were very nice and were not hurt a bit by being upset. And in the next story, if the cat doesn't sit down in the fly paper and stick fast, so she can't jump rope with the hoptoad, I'll tell you about uncle Wiggly and the cat doll—Copyright 1931, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Early Rising Is the Process Of Burning Electric Light At Both Ends Of the Day. Raising With Sun

BY GEORGE FITCH.

EARLY rising is the process of up and sitting around in the barn before dawn, waiting for the cows to wake up and be milked.

The early riser runs a daily race with the sun and the English sparrow. He generally beats the sun, and sometimes beats the sparrow, but his wife usually beats all three.

We hear a great deal of the man who wrenches himself from the depths of slumber at 5 o'clock in order to get in a good day's work before the sluggish gets home from his fox-trotting. But we do not hear so much of the wife of the early riser who has steak and fried potatoes and pancakes and coffee and soda biscuits ready for him when he staggers down from upstairs with his knuckles in his eyes.

If a man rises early enough, he eventually becomes wealthy and greatly respected in literature. But if we were a young and beautiful girl with a syphilis form and rose leaf complexion, we would think twice before marrying a man who made a practice of getting



Ready for him when he staggers down from upstairs with his knuckles in his eyes.

At any rate, we would encourage the no-breakfast fast in said husband.

Early rising has done much for the world. It has enabled a man to work as long as there was daylight with which to see, to do the chores by lantern and to go to bed with a clear conscience at 8 p. m. while dust gathered on the family library of three volumes, and the weekly paper accumulated, unread in a pile in the corner. It has kept millions of men out of bad habits and has enabled their wives to fold their tired hands and die thankfully and without fear. And it has sent the farmer's boy to the city to find what the hours from midnight to 1 p. m. look like.

The waking hours of the day are its greatest glory, but the oil trust has to live, and some encouragement should be given to the quiet evening. Nowadays the farmer is letting gasoline and the gang plow do some of his work, and the hours which once resounded with the clatter of the 15-hour toiler, the daily paper and the automobile catalog are getting considerable attention.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and the May Basket."

By HOWARD B. GARIS.

"WELL, I wonder what makes uncle Wiggly so happy today?" thought nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she heard the rabbit gentleman whistling and singing in his hollow stump bungalow, after breakfast on morning.

For uncle Wiggly did seem very glad.

"Perhaps he is going out in his airship again," thought nurse Jane, and he hopes to find another little lost doggie. At any rate, he is very cheerful."

In a little while nurse Jane also found nurse singing away as she washed the dishes and dried the dust off the piano.

"It is good to have some one jolly around the house," the muskrat lady said. "It makes you feel jolly yourself."

The first thing the muskrat lady knew she was singing a song that went something like this:

"Oh, it's best to be happy, And never be sad. It is best to be good And never be bad. So laugh while you laugh And play while you play, And try to be happy and cheerful all day."

"My I guess nurse Jane must be up to some tricks, too," thought uncle Wiggly, as he stopped whistling and looked at a box that he was filling with oranges and flowers, hopping into the bungalow just then.

"What are you doing, uncle Wiggly?" asked Sammie Littlefoot, the rabbit boy, snuggled in his blanket, as he was nurse Jane.

"Oh, how you startled me!" the rabbit gentleman exclaimed, holding his nose over the basket. "I thought you were nurse Jane."

"Why, didn't you want her to see what you were doing?" asked Sammie, sly-like.

"No," whispered Mr. Longears, holding his paws over his pink, twinkling nose. "You see it's a secret. I'm making a May basket for Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. Today is the first of May, and I'm going to hang a basket of fruit and flowers on the doorknob for her after dark. Then I'll ring the bell and run away."

"Oh, I see!" Sammie exclaimed. "It's a sort of a Valentine, isn't it?"

"That's it," uncle Wiggly answered, blinking his eyes.

Sammie passed on, leaving the rabbit gentleman taking care of the May basket. Going around by the kitchen window the rabbit boy saw the muskrat lady near the table.

Nurse Jane was putting some carrots and cabbage leaves in a basket, with some gumdrops on top.

kept on putting oranges and flowers in the May basket he was making. He whistled away, as happy as could be, picking up steadily all over the house.

That night when nurse Jane was washing dishes, uncle Wiggly went softly out and put his May basket on the front steps. He then went on his tippy-toes softly away, to wait until it was a little darker before ringing the bell and surprising the muskrat lady.

So uncle Wiggly went and hid behind the hammock on the side porch. Before he knew it he had fallen asleep. Then, a little later, along came nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. She, too, had her May basket, and looking carefully around, to make sure uncle Wiggly was not in sight, the muskrat lady put her May basket on the doorknob.

She did not notice the basket uncle Wiggly had placed there for her, and she said to herself:

"Now I'll go hide until it is a little darker, and then I'll ring the bell and fool uncle Wiggly."

So Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy also went to

tripped over uncle Wiggly's basket of oranges intended for nurse Jane. "Oh, worse and worse!" chattered the chimpanzee. "Oh, double work and back to the woods he ran where he belonged."

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14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1921.

Another big oil company has been organized in El Paso for the development of El Paso oil lands. The company was formed yesterday with some of the leading men of El Paso at the head of it and actual development will begin in a few weeks. There are about 20 prominent men on the directorate, headed by A. P. Cole and J. A. Eddy, who bought the land and organized the company. It was learned this morning that the lands purchased by the company are along the right-of-way of the El Paso & Northwestern railway, near the New Mexico line.

B. G. Hollen, of Santa Rita, is here. Dan Carr returned last night from Dallas.

W. A. Venters, of Alamogordo, is a visitor here.

Senator W. W. Turner is at his office today, after a vacation.

W. Spaulding, of Alamogordo, arrived today for a pleasure and business trip. Mrs. J. Carrera and children returned to Las Cruces today, after a short visit here.

B. S. Catlin is planning to move from the city to his ranch near Ft. Bliss.

R. W. Kyle, of San Antonio, came in today and will remain until Monday on business.

A. G. Foster, assistant United States

attorney, has gone to San Antonio on business.

E. B. McClintock is expected in the city tomorrow from Albuquerque to visit relatives.

Joe Dougher has returned from Hidalgo, Mex., where he has been in the mining business.

J. Z. Edwards, Mexico mining man, is in the city on business. He will remain several days.

Arthur O. Wilson, of Alabama, is in the city on his way to Lordsburg, where he has a position with the railway company.

Conductor William Stockwell and wife left today for the east. While absent Mr. Stockwell will attend the U. R. C. convention in Buffalo.

Benjamin Shivers, an east Texas banker, is touring this section of the state and southern New Mexico looking for a suitable business location.

The Daily Novelette REFUSED.

"What sadness and gloom Word may contain."

LaFontaine—

(Editor's note: We offer our faithful readers today, one of Mr. Skittleton Barrow's famous "Word" plays. It is needless to say that the securing of the American rights of "Refused" cost us a small fortune, so we refrain from saying it.)

She: (as he dropped on his knees) No. He: (surprised) No! She: (emphatically) No! He: (dully, trying to get it through his head) No. She: (helping him to understand) No! He: (rising from his knees and sits on the sofa beside her, then, deciding that she has only been fooling, he tries to kiss her.)

She: (drawing away) No. He: (really taken aback) No? She: (with her hand to the air) No. He: (reaching for his hat and looking over his shoulder on the way to the door, to give her one more chance) No! She: (firmly) No! He: (dismally, convinced at last) No. (Curtain.)

COLD SNAP HITS COAST: ORCHARDS AND FLOCKS SUFFER

San Francisco, Cal., May 1.—Record breaking cold weather and high winds in half a dozen far western states abated somewhat Friday, after causing widespread damage. Orchards in California and Oregon suffered.

From Idaho came reports of thousands of lambs frozen to death. In Los Angeles 44 degrees was registered, the coldest April 30 since 1901.

Fifty thousand or more head of sheep worth about \$100,000, are believed to have perished in a snow and wind storm in northeastern Oregon.

Another straw hat enthusiast reasons that men should be allowed to wear a straw hat the first really warm day of any season without being subjected to jeers. He points out the fact that women are permitted to wear straw hats in January without any comment and he claims that men should have the same privilege. Another suggests that the newspapers cartoonists and jokesters be forbidden to make the early wearers of the straw hat an object of ridicule. One newspaper has started a campaign for the adoption of May 8 as the best compromise date for Straw Hat day.

OPHELIA



New Yorkers Try to Fix Date For Straw Hat Day; May 8 Is Being Urged

New York, May 1.—A new institution which it is proposed to establish here is Straw Hat day. The great difficulty is in deciding on what date the day should fall. Some suggest May 1 would be suitable. Basing the decision on the fact that the wearing of straw hats logically should follow the opening of the baseball season. One points out that a derby is not a comfortable headgear for wear in a grandstand and that it is not in keeping with a ball game.

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Bug Killers

THE farmer speaks in heated terms of woes that dog his feet; for fifty million bugs and worms will spoil his corn and wheat. And when he's tired of using words which taint the passing breeze, he gets his gun and shoots some birds, which live in yonder trees. The farmer keeps a score of cats, and gives them milk and curds, supposing they'll fill up on rats—but they are after their kindred.

The birds are death to worms and bugs which desolate the crops, and yet they're killed with cats and drugs, and guns—it never stops. The farmer slays his fairest friend, the bird in wet elm trees, then says, "Alas, there is no end to pests that ruin me!" His righteous heart within him aches, the gophers are so thick, so he pursues a dozen snakes, and kills them with a brick. Yet snakes devour the noxious pest that brings the farmer loss; they swallow mice with eager zest, nor ask imported saucers. The husbandman, the man of woes, would have less cause to groan, if he would only kill his foe, and leave his friends alone. (Copyright by George M. Adams.)

WALT MASON